MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS™

Front Cover—SAM KIETH
Back Cover—JAE LEE/CHRIS IVY

MARK POWERS—Assistant Editor
TOM DeFALCO—Editor in Chief

Page

WOLVERINE 1

BLOOD HUNGRY
PART 1 OF 8
"FIRST SCENT"

Wolverine, with his mutant tracking ability and adamantium-laced skeleton, is the consummate hunter. But this night in Madripoor, there is a new hunter in town. . .and Wolverine is unaware that the roles of hunter and hunted are about to be reversed!

Writer— PETER DAVID
Artist — SAM KIETH
Letterer — CLEM ROBINS
Colorist — GLYNIS OLIVER

Page

FIRESTAR 9

LIFE DURING WAR TIME
PART 4 OF 8
"FIRE IN THE HOLE"

Last issue, Firestar agreed to capture Mystique for the Arms of Salvation. . .In exchange for the donor lung her father needs to survive. But instead of cornering Mystique, she's been cornered. . .by Freedom Force!

Writers — MARCUS McLAURIN/MARIE JAVINS
Penciler — DWAYNE TURNER
Inkers — CHRIS IVY/JOSE MARZAN
Letterer — RICK PARKER
Colorist — MARCUS McLAURIN

Page

BEAST 17

JUST FRIENDS
PART 1 OF 8
"PROFESSOR!"

He's been an Original X-Man, an Avenger, a Defender, and a member of X-Factor. He's got a P.H.D. in bio-chemistry and a thick layer of blue fur coating his mutant frame that resembles a gorilla more than it does a man. But before he became the happy-go-lucky Beast that he is today, Hank McCoy was just a scared and frightened teen-ager. This is the story of how love challenged him to accept himself for what he is.

Writer — SCOTT LOBDELL
Pencilers — ROB LIEFELD/JAE LEE
Inker — TIM DZON
Letterer — TODD KLEIN
Colorist — MIKE THOMAS

Page

SPEEDBALL 25

Robbie Baldwin was suspicious of the foreign exchange student but what could he do? Having been exposed to mysterious radiation that gave him the bouncing powers of Speedball, The Masked Marvel, the reluctant super hero has a secret of his own.

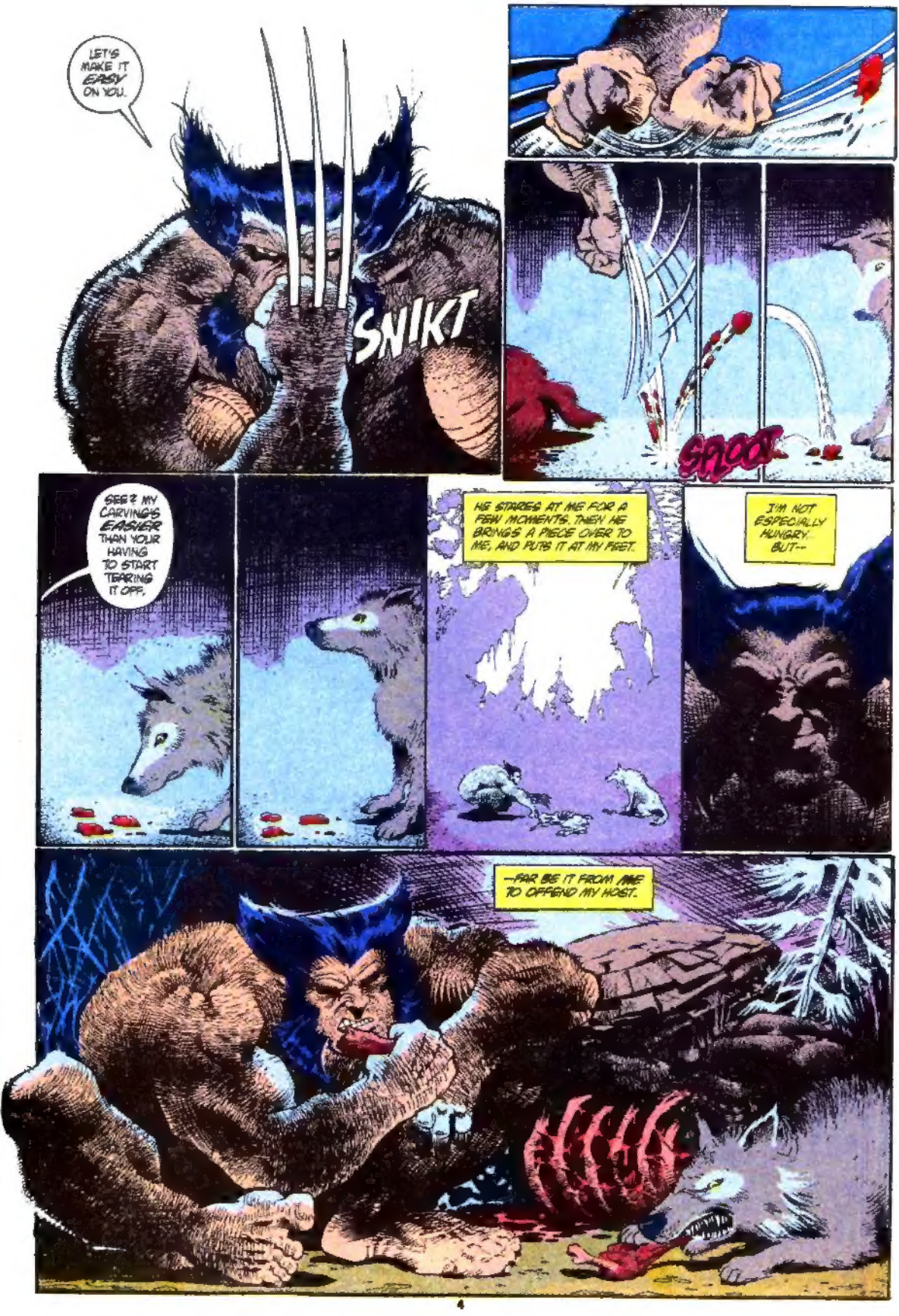
Writer — SCOTT LOBDELL
Penciler — RON WILSON
Inker — CHRIS IVY
Letterer — DAVE SHARPE
Colorist — MIKE ROCKWITZ

MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™ Vol. 1, No. 85, 1991. (ISSN # 1044-7160) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published biweekly. Copyright © 1991 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $15.00, Canada $20.00, and foreign $27.00. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. WOLVERINE (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO: MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS c/o MARVEL COMICS, SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

WE SHOULD BE GETTING INTO MADRIVADOOR IN JUST ANOTHER FEW HOURS, AMIGO. NOT TOO SOON FOR YOU, EH?
NOT WITH THE WAY I'VE BEEN WINNING, EH, AMIGO?
INDEED, ORTIZ. YOU HAVE BEEN VERY LUCKY TONIGHT.
SKILL, AMIGO. SKILL.
CALL.
FULL HOUSE, KINGS OVER QUEENS.
FOUR ACES, AMIGO. I WIN AGAIN.
AND TELL ME, ORTIZ...
WHAT CARD IS UP YOUR SLEEVE, HMMM?
OOPS.
AH...NEH NO HARD FEELINGS?
CHOKE
NONE AT ALL...
...AMIGO.
CHOKE

MADRIPOOR...
THE WOLF'S DOWNWIND OF HIS PREY.
JUST AS I'M DOWNWIND OF MING.
BOTH OF US QUICK.
BOTH OF US SILENT.
BOTH OF US MERCILESS.

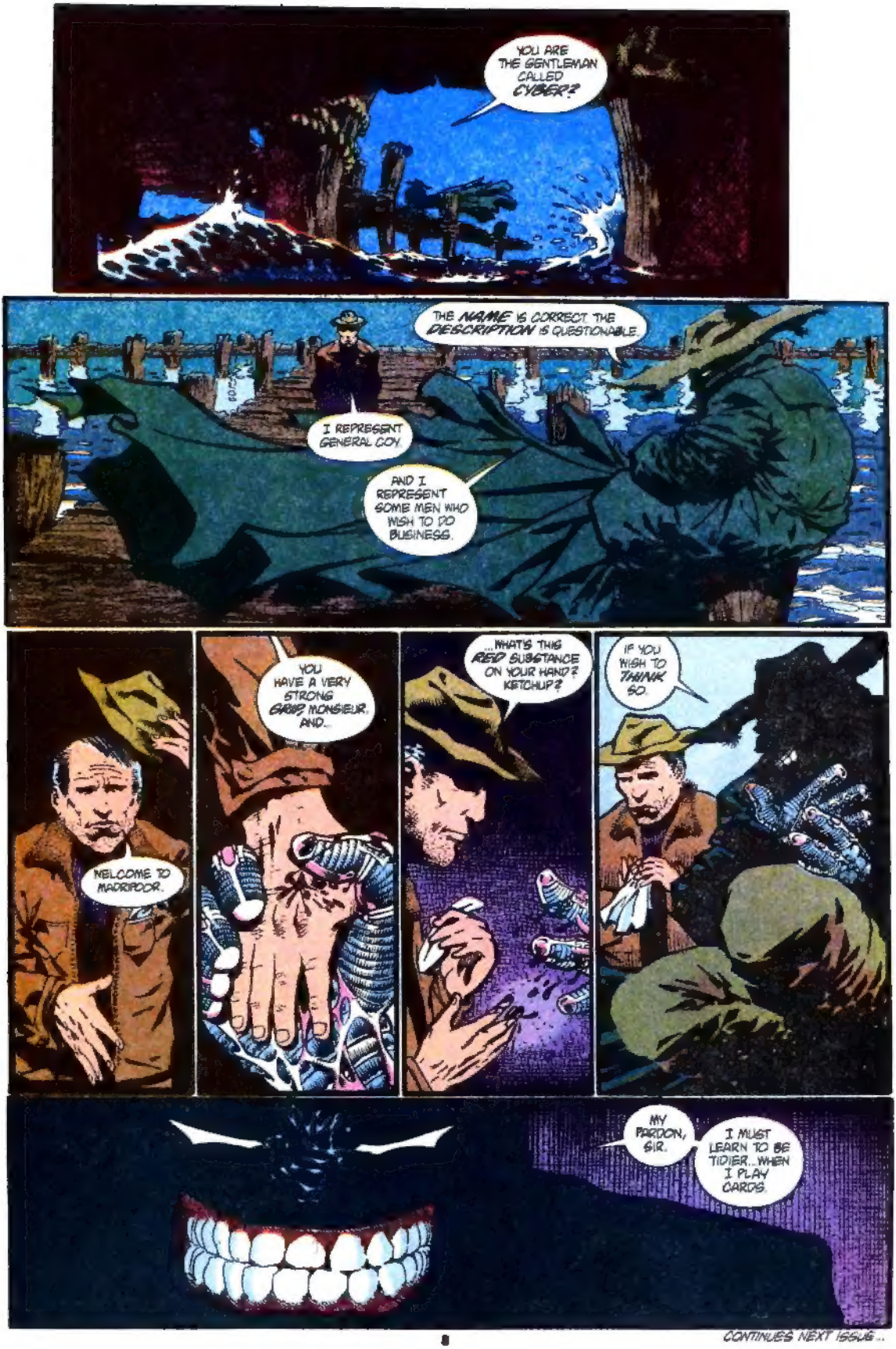
FELT ME TAP YOU JUST THEN, HUH?
DON'T WORRY, OLD FELLA. YOU SEE, I'M
WOLVERINE
AND I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR MEAL. I JUST WANTED TO TOUCH YOU WITHOUT YOU REALIZING I WAS NEAR.
YOU HUNT IN YOUR WAY. I HUNT IN MINE.
GRRRR
YOU'RE AN OLD ONE, AREN'T YOU? DRIVEN FROM THE PACK.
HAVE TO PREY ON SMALL DEER CAUSE YOU'RE NOT SO FAST, TEETH AREN'T SO GOOD.
I AM AN OLD ONE, TOO.
MEBBE JUST DON'T SMOKIN' ON ME.


LET'S MAKE IT EASY ON YOU.
SNIKT
SPLOOT
SEE? MY CARVING'S EASIER THAN YOUR HAVING TO START TEARING IT OFF.
HE STARES AT ME FOR A FEW MOMENTS. THEN HE BRINGS A PIECE OVER TO ME, AND PUTS IT AT MY FEET.
I'M NOT ESPECIALLY HUNGRY. BUT--
--FAR BE IT FROM ME TO OFFEND MY HOST.

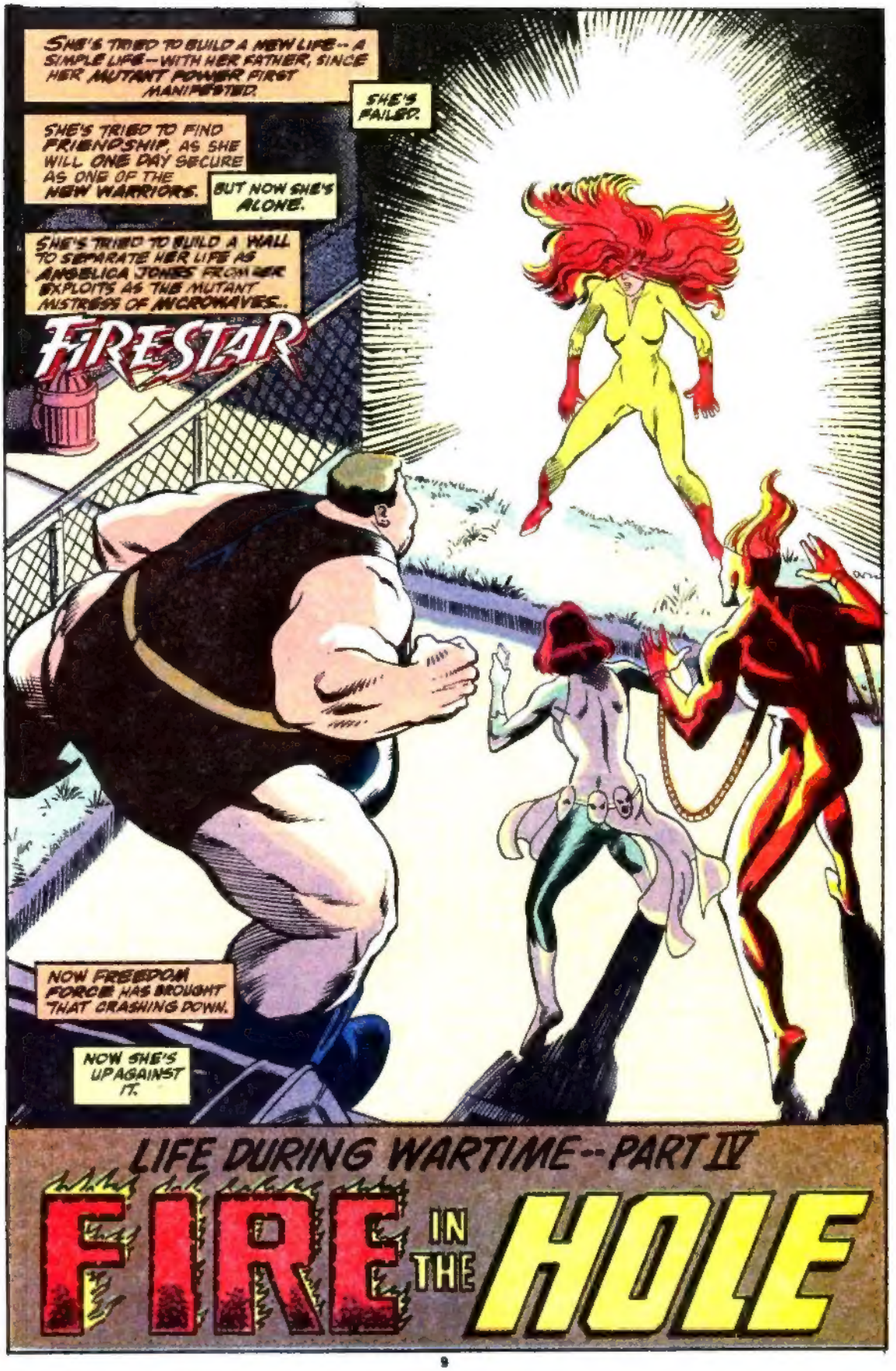
SNIFF SNIFF
SOMETHING'S WRONG.
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.
BELOW ME, MADRIPOOR IS SPREAD OUT--A CESSPOOL WITH STYLE. AND SOMEWHERE IN THAT CESSPOOL... SOMETHING SUDDENLY ...SEEMS WRONG.
BLOOD HUNGRY
PART ONE:
FIRST SCENT

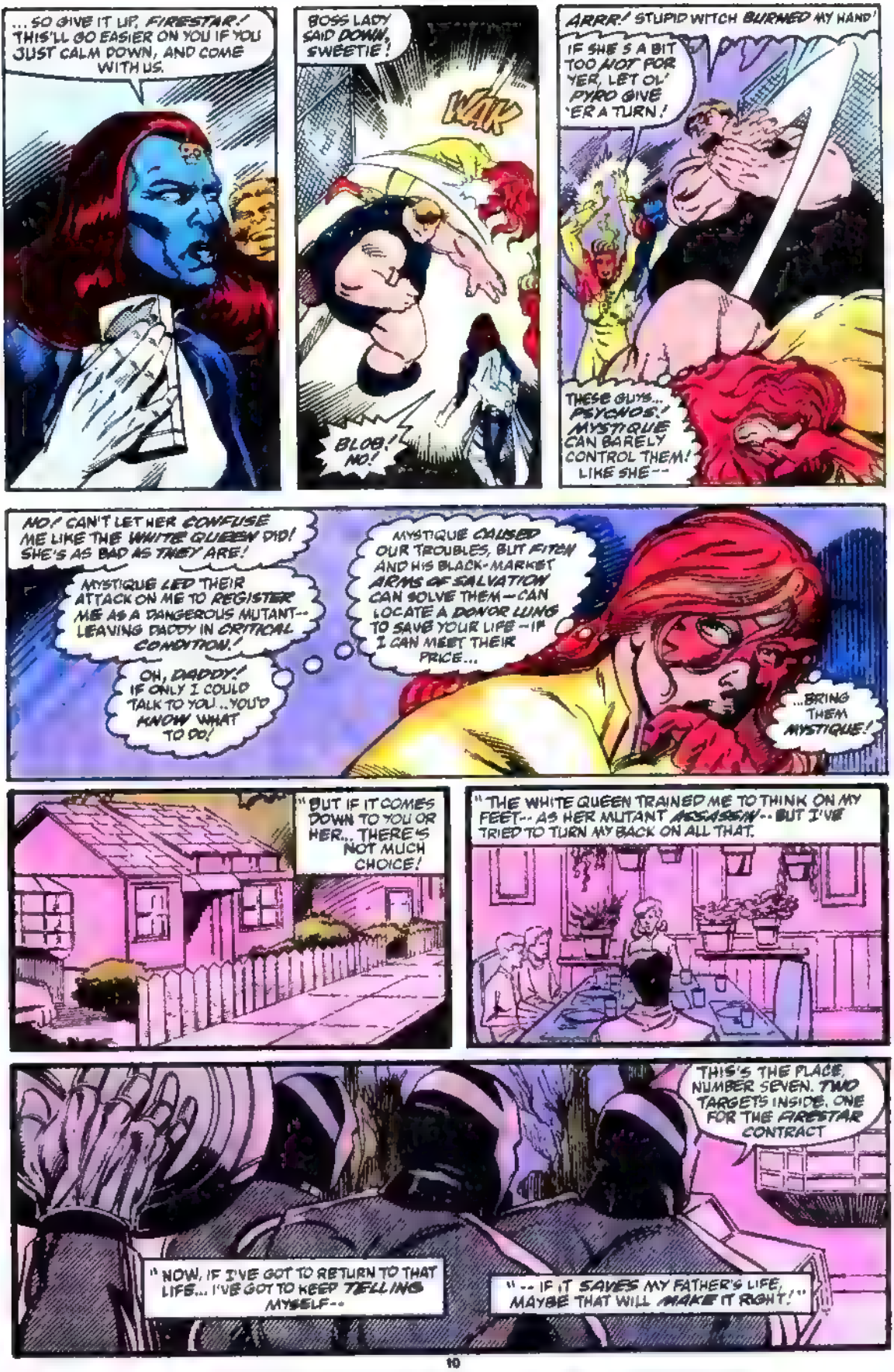
LOSE THIS?
WIFE GUY.
NOT TONIGHT, TONIGHT I'M IGNORANT.
MADRIPOOR SMELLS WRONG. TYGER TIGER.
I'M NOT SURPRISED. WIND'S FROM THE WEST, LOGAN. YOU'RE SMELLING THE CHARNEL HOUSE
NOT THAT. THERE'S SOMETHING...
A SCENT JUST ENTERED THE AIR... FAINT.
CAN ALMOST TASTE IT.
A SCENT... JUST BEYOND MEMORY.
I THOUGHT YOU ALWAYS REMEMBER A SCENT.
NOT IF I WANT TO FORGET IT

ANYTHING HAPPENING IN TOWN? ANY NEW PLAYERS ENTERING THE GAME?
GENERAL COX, I UNDERSTAND, IS GOING TO BE MAKING SOME NEW CONTACTS IN DRUG ACTIVITIES.
WITHIN THE NEXT DAY OR SO, IN FACT
I WASN'T CONSIDERING GETTING INVOLVED, SINCE I STAY OUT OF THE DRUG RACKETS.
YEAH? WELL... MAYBE I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT.
CAN YOU SPARE A LITTLE TIME?
KETCHUP ON YOUR SIDEBURNS?
YEAH GOTTA BE TIDIER WHEN I EAT.

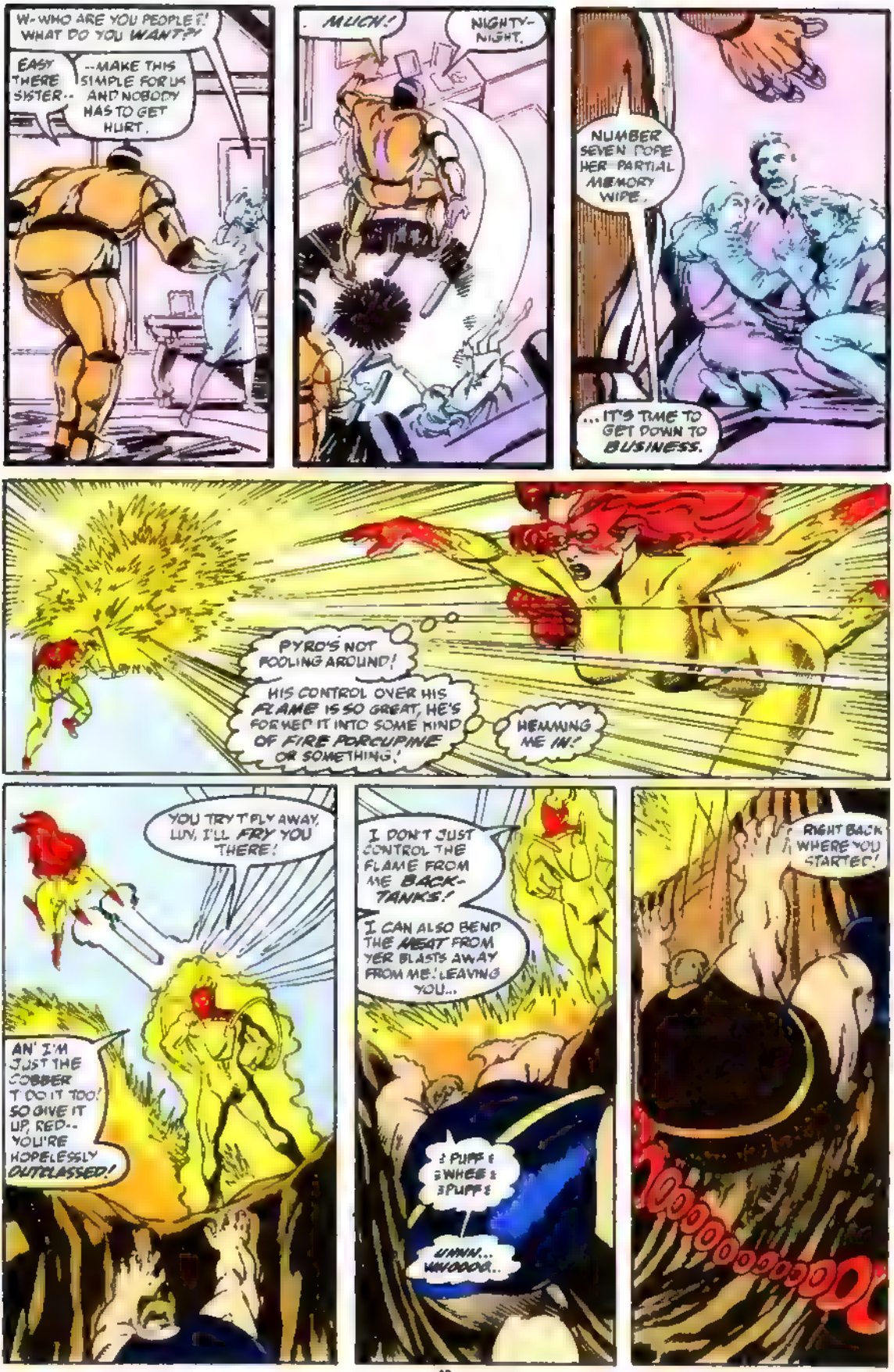

YOU ARE THE GENTLEMAN CALLED CYBER?
THE NAME IS CORRECT THE DESCRIPTION IS QUESTIONABLE.
I REPRESENT GENERAL COY.
AND I REPRESENT SOME MEN WHO WISH TO DO BUSINESS.
WELCOME TO MADRIDOR.
YOU HAVE A VERY STRONG GRIP MONSIEUR. AND...
...WHAT'S THIS RED SUBSTANCE ON YOUR HAND? KETCHUP?
IF YOU WISH TO THINK SO.
MY PARDON, SIR.
I MUST LEARN TO BE TIDIER... WHEN I PLAY CARDS.

CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE...


SHE'S TRIED TO BUILD A NEW LIFE -- A SIMPLE LIFE -- WITH HER FATHER, SINCE HER MUTANT POWER FIRST MANIFESTED.
SHE'S FAILED.
SHE'S TRIED TO FIND FRIENDSHIP, AS SHE WILL ONE DAY SECURE AS ONE OF THE NEW WARRIORS.
BUT NOW SHE'S ALONE.
SHE'S TRIED TO BUILD A WALL TO SEPARATE HER LIFE AS ANGELICA JONES FROM HER EXPLOITS AS THE MUTANT MISTRESS OF MICROWAVES...
FIRESTAR
NOW FREEDOM FORCE HAS BROUGHT THAT CRASHING DOWN.
NOW SHE'S UP AGAINST IT.
LIFE DURING WARTIME -- PART IV
FIRE IN THE HOLE

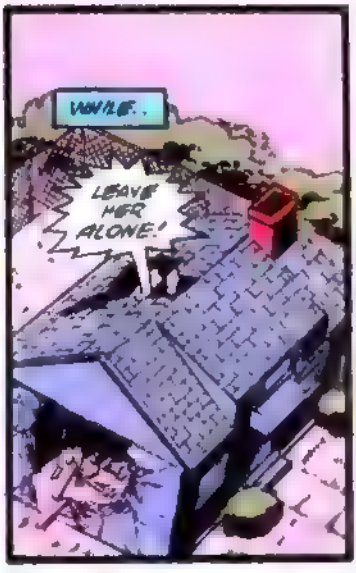

... SO GIVE IT UP, FIRESTAR! THIS'LL GO EASIER ON YOU IF YOU JUST CALM DOWN, AND COME WITH US.
BOSS LADY SAID DOWN, SWEETIE!
WAK
BLOB! NO!
ARRR! STUPID WITCH BURNED MY HAND!
IF SHE'S A BIT TOO HOT FOR YER, LET OL' PYRO GIVE 'ER A TURN!
THESE GUYS... PSYCHOS! MYSTIQUE CAN BARELY CONTROL THEM! LIKE SHE--
NO! CAN'T LET HER CONFUSE ME LIKE THE WHITE QUEEN DID! SHE'S AS BAD AS THEY ARE!
MYSTIQUE LED THEIR ATTACK ON ME TO REGISTER ME AS A DANGEROUS MUTANT-- LEAVING DADDY IN CRITICAL CONDITION!
OH, DADDY! IF ONLY I COULD TALK TO YOU...YOU'D KNOW WHAT TO DO!
MYSTIQUE CAUSED OUR TROUBLES, BUT FITCH AND HIS BLACK-MARKET ARMS OF SALVATION CAN SOLVE THEM--CAN LOCATE A DONOR LUNG TO SAVE YOUR LIFE--IF I CAN MEET THEIR PRICE...
...BRING THEM MYSTIQUE!
"BUT IF IT COMES DOWN TO YOU OR HER... THERE'S NOT MUCH CHOICE!
"THE WHITE QUEEN TRAINED ME TO THINK ON MY FEET-- AS HER MUTANT ASSASSIN-- BUT I'VE TRIED TO TURN MY BACK ON ALL THAT.
THIS'S THE PLACE, NUMBER SEVEN. TWO TARGETS INSIDE. ONE FOR THE FIRESTAR CONTRACT
"NOW, IF I'VE GOT TO RETURN TO THAT LIFE... I'VE GOT TO KEEP TELLING MYSELF--
"-- IF IT SAVES MY FATHER'S LIFE, MAYBE THAT WILL MAKE IT RIGHT!"

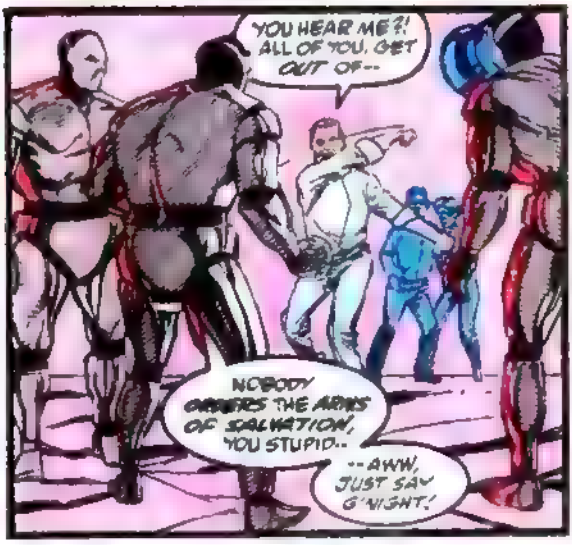
GOT TO MOVE FAST-- BLUFF THEM!
SEPTIC TANK BELOW
FSHOOOM
BACK OFF, FATSO OR I'LL FRY MORE THAN YOUR HAND!
AAAAAA!
YIIIIIIIIII!
FOOOM
HAVE A NICE SWIM, UGLY.
NOW WHERE'S MYST--
OWW!
SPLOOSH
FORGET SOMEONE, LUV?
MY CONTROL OF FLAMES IS MORE'N A MATCH FOR YOUR LITTLE MATCH-BOX POWER!
"CAUSE THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JUST HAVIN' GREAT POWER..
"...AND KNOWING HOW TO HAVE A REAL BLAST WITH IT, YES?"


W-WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!
EASY THERE SISTER--
--MAKE THIS SIMPLE FOR US AND NOBODY HAS TO GET HURT.
MUCH!
NIGHTY-NIGHT.
NUMBER SEVEN DOPE HER PARTIAL MEMORY WIPE.
...IT'S TIME TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.
PYRO'S NOT FOOLING AROUND!
HIS CONTROL OVER HIS FLAME IS SO GREAT, HE'S FORCED IT INTO SOME KIND OF FIRE PORCUPINE OR SOMETHING!
HEMMING ME IN!
YOU TRY T'FLY AWAY, LUV, I'LL FRY YOU THERE!
AN' I'M JUST THE COBBER T' DO IT TOO! SO GIVE IT UP, RED-- YOU'RE HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSED!
I DON'T JUST CONTROL THE FLAME FROM ME BACK-TANKS!
I CAN ALSO BEND THE HEAT FROM YER BLASTS AWAY FROM ME! LEAVING YOU...
PUFF
WHEE
PUFF
UHHH... WHOOOOA..
RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU STARTED!

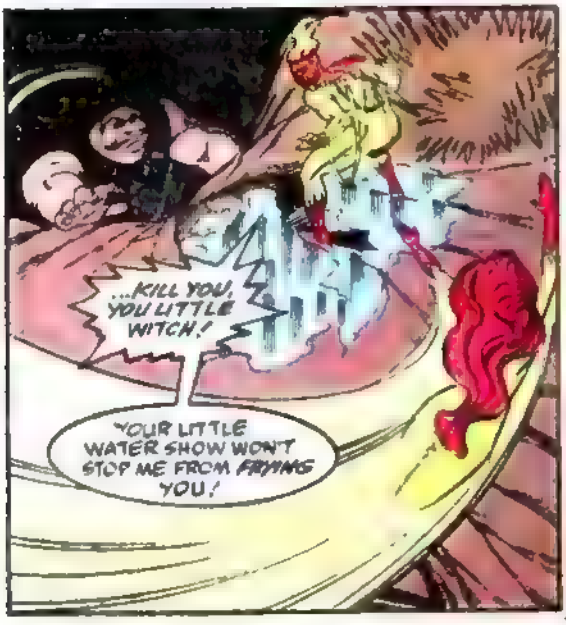
SPLOOSH
PYRO! DON'T TOY WITH HER! SHE'S--
SHE'S NOTHIN'! SHE'S GOT TO TIRE DOWN SOON...
ONE CHANCE-- BUT GOT TO KEEP PYRO DISTRACTED--
BULLSEYE!
TOOOOSSSHHH
OOOFF! HUUUH! MADE IT...
NOW WHERE'S THAT--
OWWWW-- Ooooo
Ooooo
SPLOOSH
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, MYSTIQUE. IT IS TIME TO QUIT FOOLIN' AROUND.

YOUR LITTLE WATER SPOUT PUT ME OUT, PET... BUT I'VE LOTS MORE WHERE HE CAME FROM.!
SSSSS


WHILE...
LEAVE HER ALONE!


YOU HEAR ME?! ALL OF YOU, GET OUT OF--
NOBODY OWNERS THE ARMS OF SALVATION, YOU STUPID..
--AWW, JUST SAY G'NIGHT.!

CAREFUL! HE'S ONE OF THE TARGETS, NUMBER FIVE. WE NEED HIS LUNG. THE FACE YOU CAN HAVE FUN WITH.
BUT DON'T BRUISE THE BODY.
M... MY LUNG? BUT... THAT'LL


...KILL YOU, YOU LITTLE WITCH.!
YOUR LITTLE WATER SHOW WON'T STOP ME FROM FRYING YOU.!

KUHAAM
YEAH, BUT A LITTLE MICROWAVE ENERGY TO THE INTERIOR OF YOUR BRAINS MIGHT!
NO! PYRO, YOU'LL--

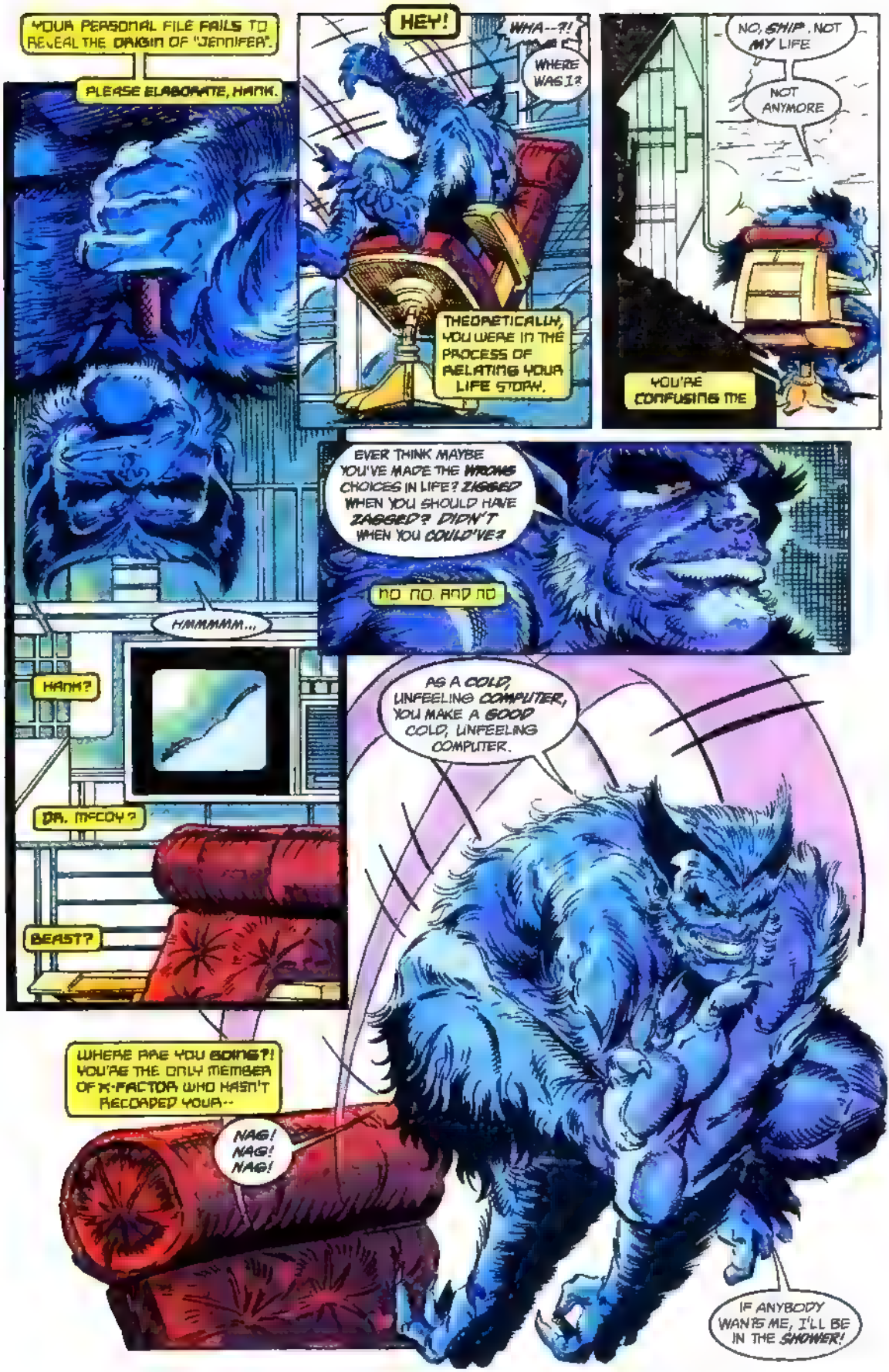
EEEYYOOW!
SPLOOSH
NOW FOR...
...DADDY?
ANGELICA...? BABY! COME DOWN HERE! SOMEONE WILL SEE YOU!
YOU'VE GOT TO STOP ALL THIS VIOLENCE! PLEASE!
PLEASE! LET MY FAMILY GO! TAKE ME, BUT--
YOUR FAMILY? COULDN'T GIVE A SHAKE ABOUT YOUR FAMILY!
JUST THIS ONE..
..."MEG," RIGHT?
SHE'S AN OUTSTANDING ACCOUNT. TRIED TO SNATCH HER THE OTHER DAY, BUT THAT FIRESTAR CHICK GOT IN THE WAY!
'COURSE, THE BOY WE DON'T NEED.
SAY NIGHTY-NIGHT, KID.
THEY'LL WAKE UP WITH A HEADACHE AND SOME MEMORY LOSS.. WON'T REMEMBER US AT ALL.
...BUT THEY'LL WAKE UP.
HOWEVER, YOU TWO.

ENOUGH ANGELICA..
FREEDOM FORCE IS ON YOUR SIDE. THEY WANT YOU TO REGISTER--MAYBE BECOME ONE OF THEM.
DADDY?
IT'S A CHANCE, BABY. A CHANCE AT FREEDOM, AND A REAL NEW LIFE.
A CHANCE TO BE ALL THE WHITE QUEEN KNEW YOU COULD BE!
NO!
THE WHITE QUEEN PRETENDED TO CARE ABOUT ME--
--THEN BETRAYED ME WHEN I REFUSED TO BE HER PET MUTIE SHARK!
MY FATHER KNEW THAT...
...MYSTIQUE!
YOU OUGHT TO GET YOUR FACTS STRAIGHT BEFORE YOU GET INTO SOMETHING, MYSTIQUE--
"-- OR IT CAN GET YOU INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE!"
ALL SECURED, CROSS. AND OUR AGENTS TELL US FIRESTAR'S ALREADY ENGAGED MYSTIQUE AND FREEDOM FORCE.
SHE'S A USEFUL TOOL, AS LONG AS SHE STAYS IGNORANT OF OUR TRUE BUSINESS.
EXCELLENT.
SHE SHOULD SHOW SOON.
AND IF SHE GETS TOO CURIOUS?
LONG BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, FITCH, SHE'LL BE A FOND BLOODY MEMORY!
CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE!
TRUE COLORS!

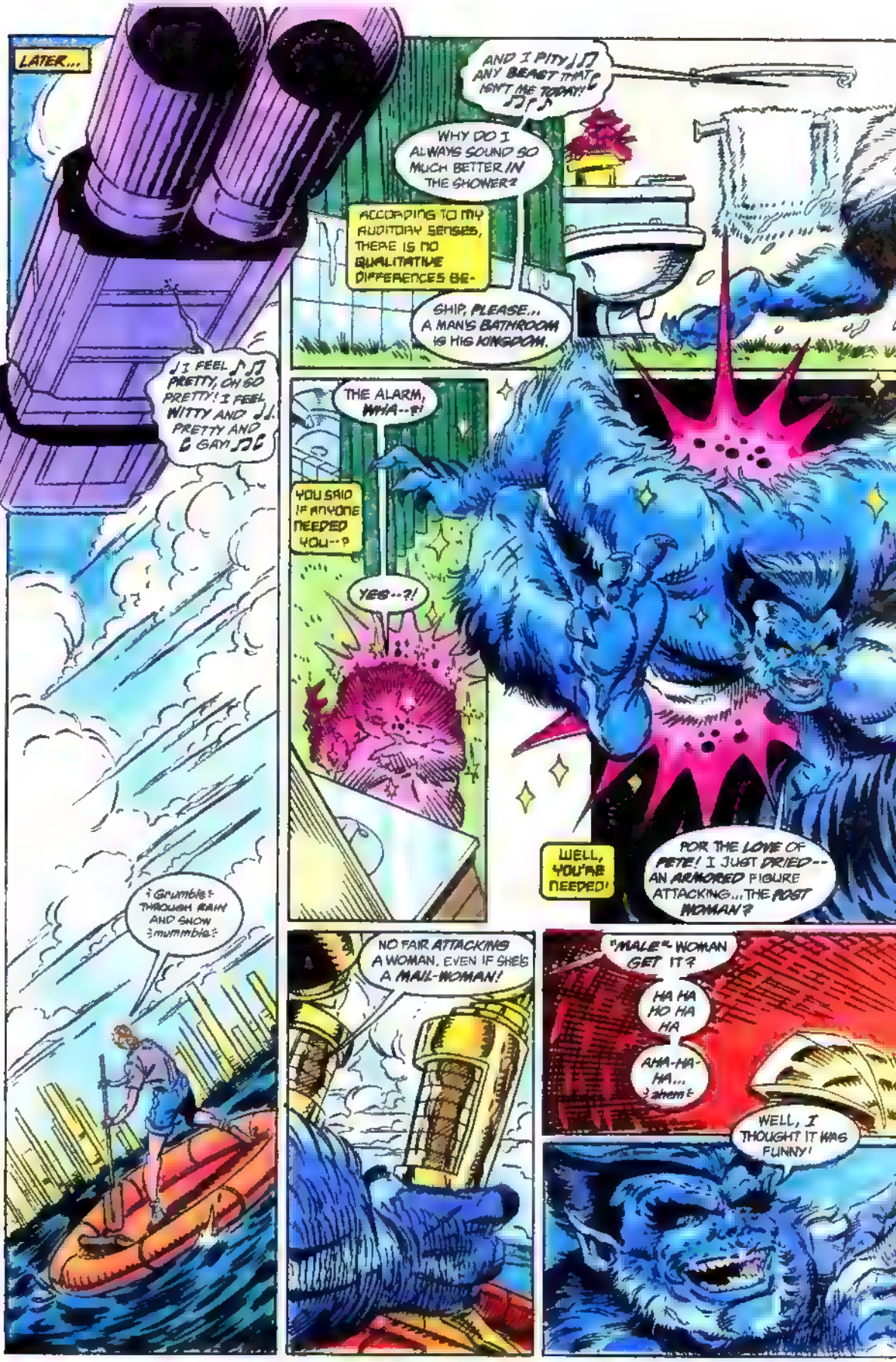
"Just Friends" part one
THE BEAST HAS GONE CRAZY! GRAB HIM!
I'M GRABBING, SNOWQUEEN...I'M GRABBING!
ICEMAN, ANGEL... IT'S NO USE! HE'S TOO STRONG--TOO ANGRY!
"PROFESSOR!!"
"IT WOULD BE JUDICIOUS TO SAY I WAS...PERTURBED.

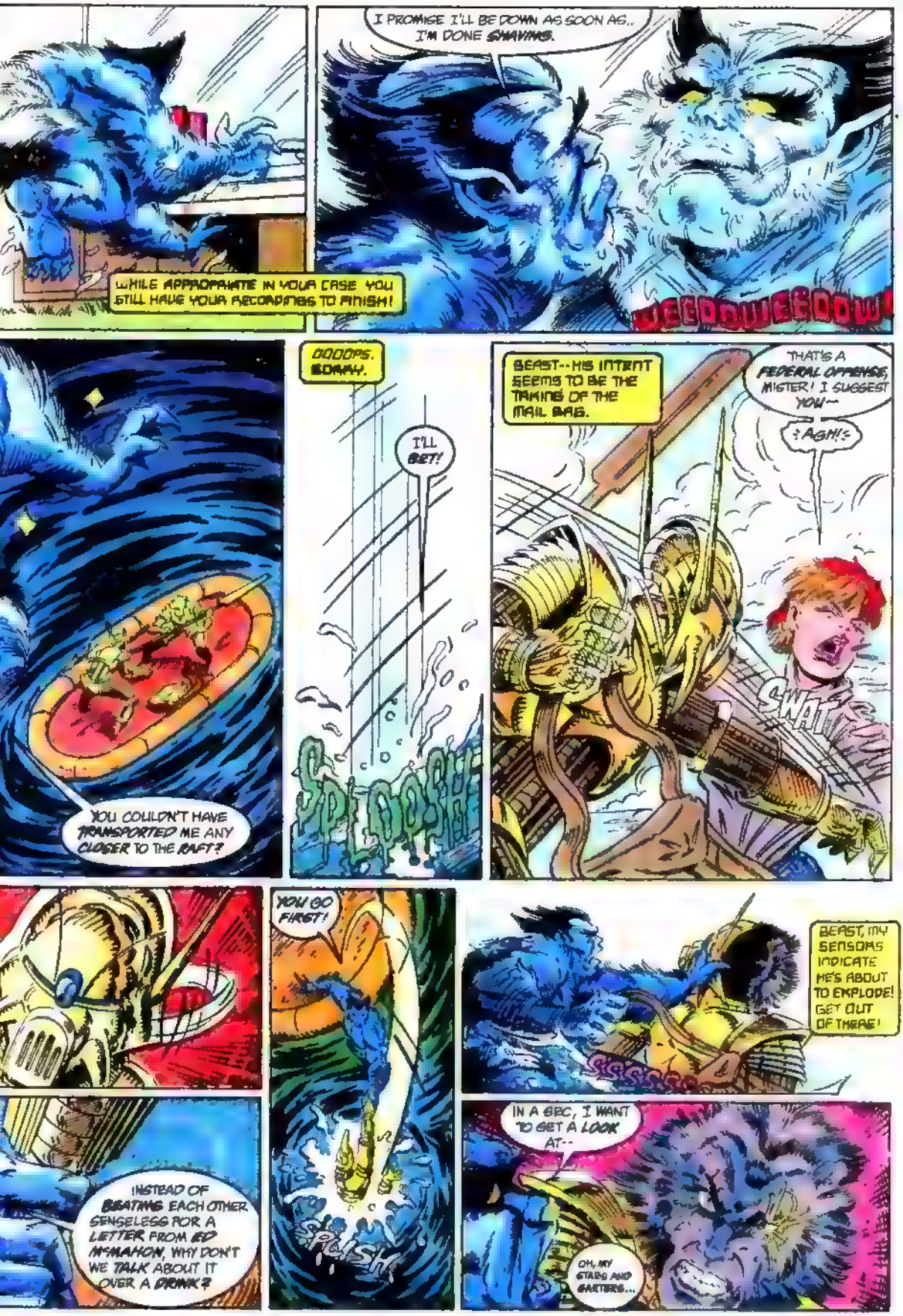
"ENROLLED FOR LESS THAN AN HOUR, AND I WAS ALREADY TRYING TO STRANGLE MY TEACHER.
"OH, TO BE YOUNG AGAIN!"
=OUFFN=
=GAK=
STUDENTS! I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS BEHAVIOR! HENRY-- I'LL SEE YOU IN MY STUDY IN FIVE MINUTES!
WRONG-- YOU'LL SEE ME NOW!
"IN RETROSPECT, I CAN'T BELIEVE I ACTUALLY TALKED BACK TO THE PROFESSOR, CHARLES XAVIER!
SIR, ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE TO--
ENOUGH! THE REST OF YOU RETURN TO YOUR STUDIES!
GONE! MY WHOLE LIFE IS GONE! I JUST CALLED... A FRIEND... FROM HOME. SHE HAD NO IDEA WHO I WAS!
I REGRET IT WAS NECESSARY. SHE KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT YOU
SHE KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME
YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO--

GET OUT OF MY WAY, KIDS! THIS IS BETWEEN YOUR TEACHER AND MYSELF!
I'M USING MY WEAKEST OPTIC BLAST. DON'T MAKE ME HURT YOU, HANK!
FZZAT
DON'T YOU DARE QUESTION ME! YOU KNEW THAT SACRIFICES HAD TO BE MADE!
IT WASN'T YOUR SACRIFICE TO MAKE! YOU TOOK AWAY HER CHOICE!
I WAS WILLING TO LEAVE MY HOME AND COME HERE TO "SAVE THE WORLD," BUT PLEASE-- GIVE HER BACK TO ME
SHE WAS MY LIFE!
THESE ARE DESPERATE TIMES, HENRY...
THE DAY MAY COME WHEN WE'RE IN A CIVIL WAR BETWEEN MUTANTS. WHEN THAT DAY ARRIVES, YOU'LL BETTER SERVE YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS...
AS AN X-MAN.
I'M NOT KEEPING YOU HERE AGAINST YOUR WILL.
YOU'RE FREE TO GO..
"OBVIOUSLY, I STAYED. BUT I GUESS, ON SOME LEVEL, I'VE ALWAYS HATED HIM FOR TAKING AWAY JEANNIFER."
"QUERY-- WHO IS 'JEANNIFER'?"


YOUR PERSONAL FILE FAILS TO REVEAL THE ORIGIN OF "JENNIFER".
PLEASE ELABORATE, HANK.
HEY!
WHA--?!
WHERE WAS I?
THEORETICALLY, YOU WERE IN THE PROCESS OF RELATING YOUR LIFE STORY.
NO, SHIP. NOT MY LIFE.
NOT ANYMORE
YOU'RE CONFUSING ME
EVER THINK MAYBE YOU'VE MADE THE WRONG CHOICES IN LIFE? ZIGGED WHEN YOU SHOULD HAVE ZAGGED? DIDN'T WHEN YOU COULD'VE?
NO. NO. AND NO
HMMMMM...
HANK?
DR. MCCOY?
BEAST?
AS A COLD, UNFEELING COMPUTER, YOU MAKE A GOOD COLD, UNFEELING COMPUTER.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! YOU'RE THE ONLY MEMBER OF X-FACTOR WHO HASN'T RECOADED YOUR--
NAG! NAG! NAG!
IF ANYBODY WANTS ME, I'LL BE IN THE SHOWER!

- INTERLUDE -
A HALF A WORLD AWAY
BRUSSELS, BELGIUM...
CAPTAIN MASCELEIN WILL SPEAK WITH YOU NOW, SIR
Y-YES--YES, OF COURSE WHERE DID I PUT MY NOTES?
I WOULDN'T KNOW LT. COMMANDER.
N-NO--NO, OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T BUT I NEED MY NOTES--
THE CAPTAIN IS WAITING, SIR
S-SAME AS THE OTHERS, CAPTAIN
THAT IS, THE LAST SIX VICTIMS
APPARENTLY AN INDIGENT--
INEXPLICABLE CLAW MARKS
DENTAL RECORDS WILL BE REQUIR--
CLUES?
NONE.
AH-HEM!
NONE AT THIS TIME, SIR
UNACCEPTABLE!
IN LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, THIS CITY IS PLAYING HOST TO THE FIRST WORLD SYMPOSIUM ON MUTANT RESEARCH!
I WILL NOT BE EMBARRASSED IN THE GLOBAL MEDIA--
-- BY THE PRESENCE OF A RAMPAGING SERIAL KILLER STALKING OUR STREETS!
Y-YES-- YES, OF COURSE, BUT--
"BUT" IS UNACCEPTABLE.
RUSH
YOU H-HEARD HIM! GET BACK TO WORK! FIND ME A CLUE!
IF YOU CAN'T FIND ONE, MAKE ONE UP!
YES SIR, LT COMMANDER COURAGE.
RIGHT AWAY, SIR
END INTER...LUDE -


LATER...
♪I FEEL ♪♫ PRETTY, OH SO PRETTY! I FEEL WITTY AND ♪♩ PRETTY AND ♪ GAY! ♫♪
:Grumble: THROUGH RAIN AND SNOW :mumble:
AND I PITY ♪♫ ANY BEAST THAT ISN'T ME TODAY! ♪♫♪
WHY DO I ALWAYS SOUND SO MUCH BETTER IN THE SHOWER?
ACCORDING TO MY AUDITORY SENSES, THERE IS NO QUALITATIVE DIFFERENCES BE-
SHIP, PLEASE... A MAN'S BATHROOM IS HIS KINGDOM.
THE ALARM, WHA--?!
YOU SAID IF ANYONE NEEDED YOU--?
YES--?!
WELL, YOU'RE NEEDED!
FOR THE LOVE OF PETE! I JUST DRIED-- AN ARMORED FIGURE ATTACKING... THE POST WOMAN?
NO FAIR ATTACKING A WOMAN, EVEN IF SHE'S A MAIL-WOMAN!
"MALE" WOMAN GET IT?
HA HA HO HA HA
AHA-HA-HA... :ahem:
WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY!


WHILE APPROPRIATE IN YOUR CASE YOU STILL HAVE YOUR RECORDINGS TO FINISH!
I PROMISE I'LL BE DOWN AS SOON AS.. I'M DONE SHAVING.
WHOOSH
YOU COULDN'T HAVE TRANSPORTED ME ANY CLOSER TO THE RAFT?
OOOOPS. BOAAY.
I'LL BET!
SPLOOSH
BEAST--HIS INTENT SEEMS TO BE THE TAKING OF THE MAIL BAG.
THAT'S A FEDERAL OFFENSE, MISTER! I SUGGEST YOU--
!AGH!
SWAT
YOU GO FIRST!
SPLISH
BEAST, MY SENSORS INDICATE HE'S ABOUT TO EXPLODE! GET OUT OF THERE!
SSSSSS
INSTEAD OF BEATING EACH OTHER SENSELESS FOR A LETTER FROM ED McMAHON, WHY DON'T WE TALK ABOUT IT OVER A DRINK?
IN A SEC, I WANT TO GET A LOOK AT--
OH, MY STARS AND GARTERS...

SWA-SHA-BA-BOOM!
I WONDER IF WILLIE LUMPKIN HAS DAYS LIKE THIS?
IF I MIGHT BORROW THIS A MOMENT SEE, I LOST MY TOWEL AND...
¿ulp? I GET THE IDEA
DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY SOMEONE WOULD ATTACK YOU?
NONE... THIS WAS MY LAST STOP OF THE DAY I WAS JUST ABOUT TO DELIVER THIS LETTER FROM BELGIUM TO DR. McCOY.
FOR ME? IT MUST BE THOSE TWO THOUSAND SEA MONKEYS I ORDERED.
MR BEAST? MR BEAST? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WELL, THAT SHUT HIM UP, ANYWAY
S-SIR, BAD NEWS FROM THE STATES..
--OUR AGENT WAS UNABLE TO INTERCEPT THE MESSAGE TO DR. McCOY
NO MATTER-- IT ONLY MEANS THAT DOCTOR McCOY WILL COME ALL THE WAY TO BELGIUM... TO DIE!
MWHA-HA HA HA HA HAHA HA HA!
CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE...

IN THE 60's, MARVEL GAVE US SPIDER-MAN BATTLING THE LIKES OF THE DIABOLICAL DR DOOM!
SOME THIRTY-YEARS LATER, WE CONTINUE THE TRADITION OF LEGENDARY STORY-TELLING BY PITTING THE MAGNIFICENT MASKED MARVEL--SPEEDBALL AGAINST...
"...THE DUDE IN THE REALLY RAD ARMOR!"

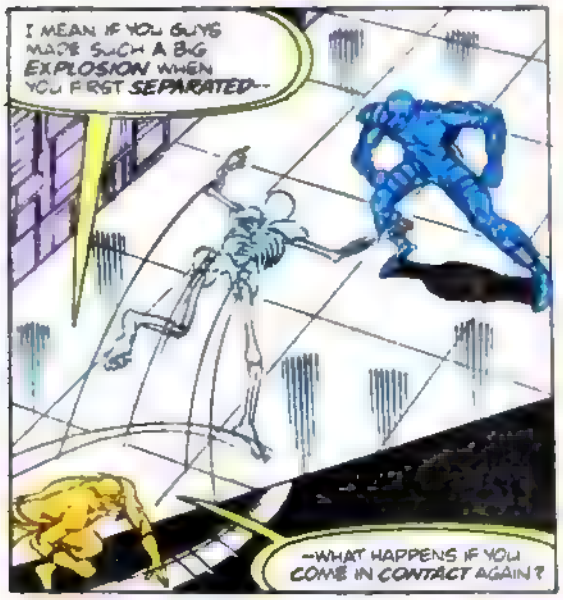
EVERY STORY HAS TO START SOMEWHERE...
. SO THIS STORY STARTS HERE AT HAMMOND LABS!
THE KID WITH THE BROOM IS ROBBIE BALDWIN, BUT YOU KNOW HIM BETTER AS...
SPEEDBALL--THE IDOL OF ZILLIONS--AND I SPEND MY FREE TIME SWEEPING FLOORS AFTER SCHOOL!
I FEEL MORE LIKE A NEW JANITOR THAN A NEW WARRIOR.
I'M SO BORED I COULD SCR--
YEEEARGH!
THAT CAME FROM THE LAB--BUT NO ONE SHOULD BE THERE THIS LATE!
WHERE YOU AND I MIGHT TREMBLE IN FEAR--THE YOUNG HERO BRAVELY FORGES AHEAD!
HEY! THIS IS THE SAME LAB WHERE I HAD THE ACCIDENT THAT GAVE ME MY BOUNCING POWERS!
AND WHEN MOST MIGHT BE STRUCK SPEECHLESS--THIS MAN GIVES VOICE TO HIS THOUGHTS!
Y-YOU THERE--WALK NO F-FURTHER!
EDGAR?! IS THAT YOU?
EDGAR IS NO MORE! IN HIS PLACE STANDS--
--THE DUDE IN THE REALLY RAD ARMOR!

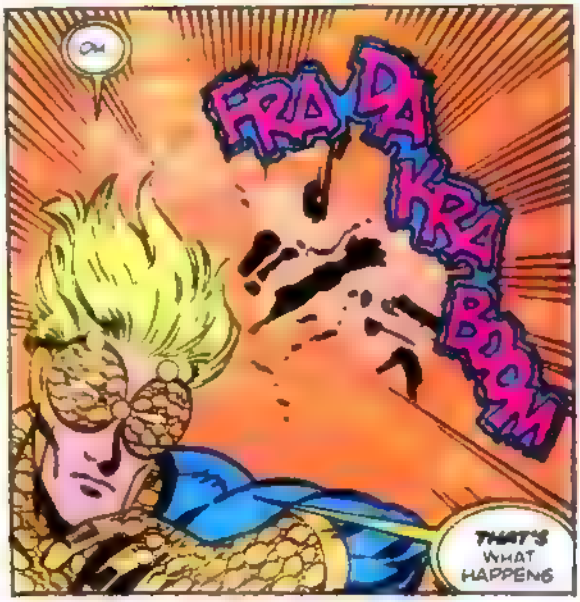
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING LIKE THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN!
AND YOU WOULD HAVE TOO, IF YOU'D BEEN THERE WHEN DOC BENSON INTRODUCED ROBBIE TO--
EDGAR MARLOPOLIS. HE'S A YOUNG EXCHANGE-STUDENT FROM THE ISLAND OF TREPICA.
IT IS A PLEASURE OF ME TO KNOW YOU
UH.. NICE MEETING YOU, TOO.
EDGAR WILL BE DOING HIS COLLEGE INTERNSHIP HERE AT THE LAB.
FROM YOU I WILL LEARN MANY MUCH ABOUT RADICAL AMERICAN HIPNESS AND KNOW-HOW. YES?
FROM ME, THE MOST YOU CAN LEARN IS HOW TO MOP FLOORS AND EMPTY WASTE-BASKETS.
OF COURSE, I COULD PROBABLY GIVE YOU A FEW POINTERS ON SPEAKING ENGLISH.
ROBBIE!
I MIND IT NOT. YOU MAKE ME LAUGH, LITTLE FRIEND
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.
BUT ONCE THE HULKING TREPICIAN LEAVES, ROBBIE CONFESSED..
I DON'T KNOW, DOC--
--THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GUY...
NONSENSE! EDGAR IS FROM A SMALL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC. WE SHOULDN'T JUDGE HIM TOO HARSHLY JUST BECAUSE HE'S DIFFERENT
NOW GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS EXPERIMENTAL-BATTLE-ARMOR.
OUHNFE KEEP IT DOWN, DOC..
...YOU NEVER KNOW WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING.
LIKE OUR NEW "FRIEND" EDGAR, HIDING IN THE SHADOWS.

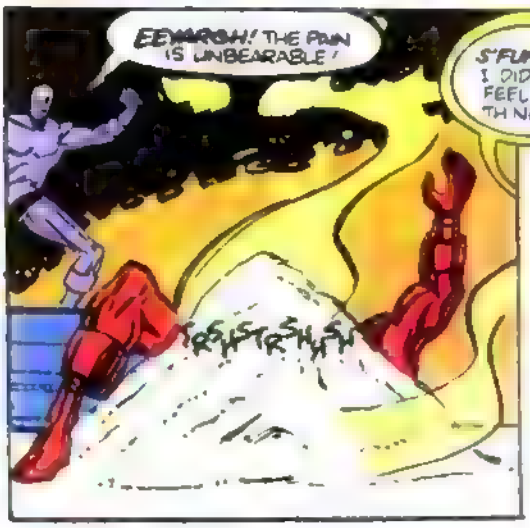
IF YOU PLAN ON INSPIRING FEAR IN ANYONE,
DA-DOING
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO COME UP WITH A BETTER NAME THAN THAT!
TWING
ARE YOU SAYING OUR NAME IS UNGNARLY?!
I KNOW IT'S QUITE THE INSULT COMING FROM A GUY NAMED SPEEDBALL.
BWOING
TRUST ME YOU NEED SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS MORE NINETIES.
HOW ABOUT, THE UNCANNY EX-DUDES OR MAY ARRGH!
IN HIS BOYISH ENTHUSIASM, THE MASKED MARVEL DIDN'T REALIZE THE DUDES SOUL-SELF--
COULD TEMPORARILY DISPLACE OUR HERO'S OWN SOUL.
(AND IF YOU'VE EVER HAD YOUR SOUL TEMPORARILY DISPLACED, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH IT CAN HURT!
THUD
WOW...IF THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN THIS LIFETIME, I'LL BE HAPPY!
DISORIENTED AS HE IS, SPEEDBALL DOESN'T REALIZE HIS ENEMIES ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK HIS ONE!
WHICH IS JUST AS WELL. THE COMBINED ATTACK REACTIVATES HIS BOUNCING POWERS.
BONK
THANKS, GUYS, I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU.

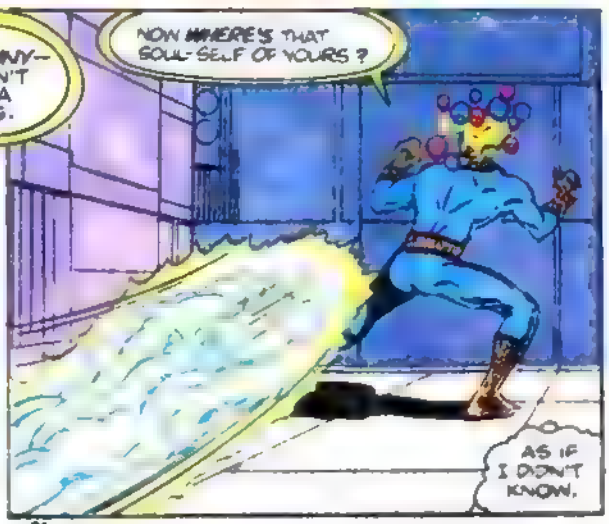
YOU WILL NEVER ACE US! YOU SHOULD CURL UP AND DIE!
THERE'S A CAREER OPTION I NEVER CONSIDERED!
BADA-BING

MAYBE I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT IF MY THEORY DOESN'T PAN OUT.


I MEAN IF YOU GUYS MADE SUCH A BIG EXPLOSION WHEN YOU FIRST SEPARATED--
--WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU COME IN CONTACT AGAIN?


OH
FRA DA KRA BOOM!!
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS


EEYARGH! THE PAIN IS UNBEARABLE!
S'FUNNY-- I DIDN'T FEEL A TH NG.

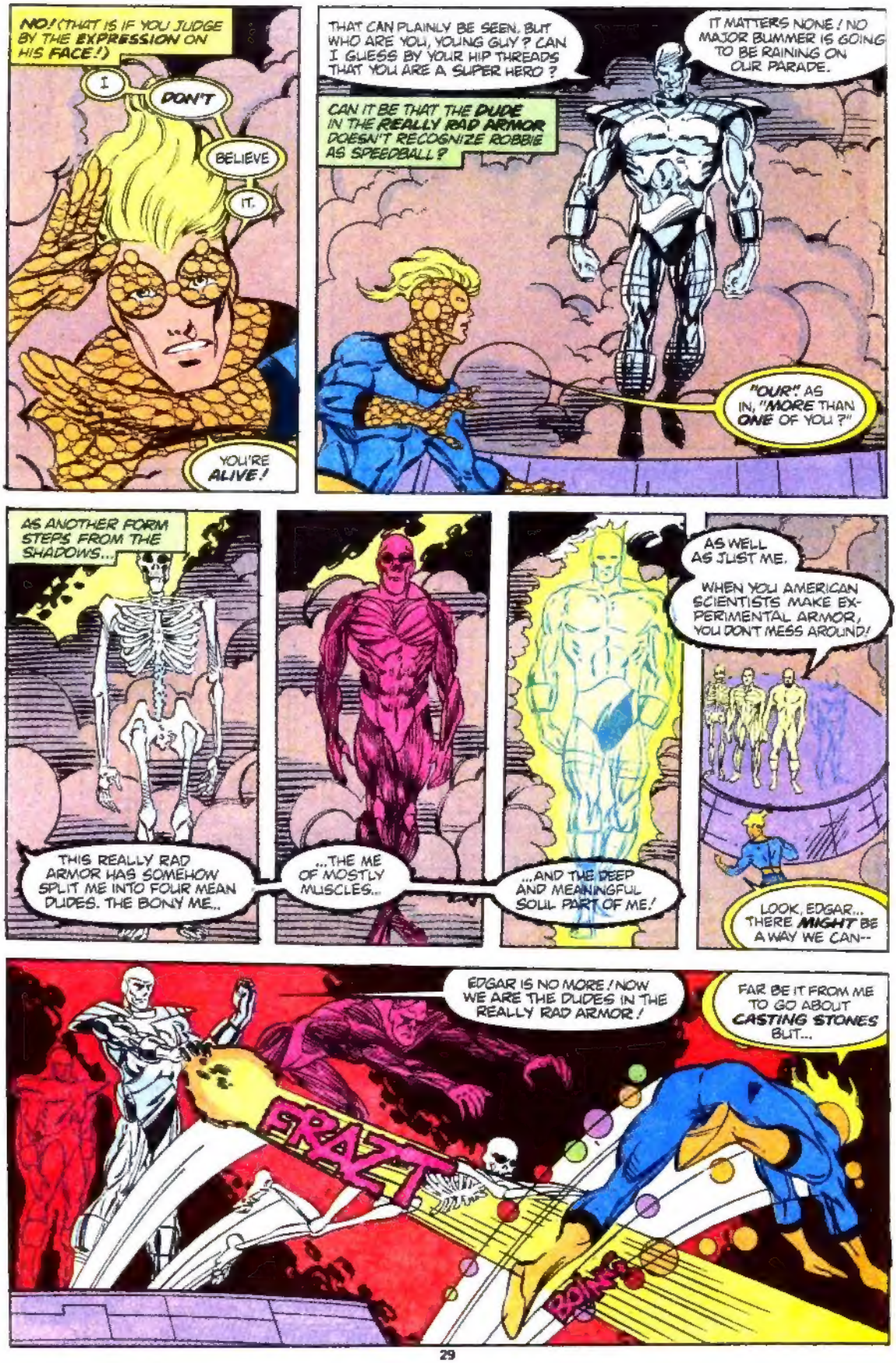

NOW WHERE'S THAT SOUL-SELF OF YOURS?
AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW.

ATTACKING ME FROM BEHIND? WHAT A SURPRISE!
BLOW!
DO NOT RAG ON US! WE SHALL NOT BE DISSED!
SORRY, DUDES--IT'S ALL PART OF THE SUPER HERO/SUPER VILLAIN GAME.
ARE YOU LEVEL NG THE REAL SCOOP ON US?
K-BOOM!
TRUST ME. IT'S YOUR JOB TO KILL ME--AND IT'S MY JOB TO DRIVE YOU TO THE POINT OF DISTRACTION!
NO WAY, MAN-- WE WILL NOT BE DRIVEN ANYWHERE!
RELAX, DUDE. IT'S ONLY AN EXPRESSION...
FRAZZ!
...LIKE "PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER."
"PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!" GET IT?
HA.: KILL MYSELF.
HHA--?!
WHAT THE YOUNG HERO LACKS IN A SENSE OF HUMOR--
FRA BA KRA BAR MOO
--HE MAKES UP FOR WITH RESULTS.
:HMMMPH: I MUST BE GETTING THE HANG OF SUPER-HERDING.
NOW IF I CAN ONLY LOAD THEM ALL INTO A TAK!...
I CAN REALLY IMPRESS MY NEW WARRIOR TEAMMATES!
YO DUDE... WAKE UP.
MERCIFULLY, THE END

SPEEDBALL
VS.
THE DUDE IN THE REALLY RAD ARMOR!
AS THE ARMS OF SALVATION GATHER UNWILLING ORGAN DONORS,
FIRESTAR
FACES FREEDOM FORCE!
THE BEAST
RETURNS TO HIS ROOTS IN THE FIRST PART OF HIS EPIC SERIAL!
50 YEARS
OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991

MARVEL COMICS
MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
WOLVERINE
$1.25 US
$1.50 CAN
85
UK 70p
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
PLUS
3 ALL-NEW
FEATURES!

SUDDENLY HIS MEMORIES ARE INTERRUPTED BY--
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE THIS WAS NOT TO BE MY SMARTEST IDEA.
FRAT!
FRAT!
FRAT!
I'LL SAY! THAT EXPERIMENTAL ARMOR COULD BE DANGEROUS!
IF YOUR REAL AGENDA WAS TO COME TO AMERICA JUST TO STEAL SOME SCIENTIFIC SECRET SO YOU COULD BECOME THE NEXT DR. DOOM AND RULE THE WORLD...
..THERE'S GOT TO BE AN EASIER WAY.
Y-YOU REALLY THINK SO?
I'M POSITIVE! NOW LET ME TURN THIS MACHINE OFF.
FRAT
FRAT
Y-YES! YOU ARE RIGHT! TURN THAT DIAL TO THE LEFT!
ARRGH!
EDSAR! WHAT HAPPENED?
I MEANT MY LEFT.
ZZZT-ZT
=ULP=
NOW WHAT?
YOU MIGHT WANT TO BE COVERING YOUR EARS.
BOOM
THOUGH SOME WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED BY A LESSER BLAST--
=WOUNLFE
BONG
--THE EXPLOSION ONLY SERVES TO TRIGGER THE BOUNCING POWERS OF OUR HERO!
BUT CAN EVEN THE MASKED MARVEL--
WHOA!
--ENDURE THE TRIALS THAT AWAIT HIM?


NO! (THAT IS IF YOU JUDGE BY THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!)
I
DON'T
BELIEVE
IT.
YOU'RE ALIVE!
THAT CAN PLAINLY BE SEEN, BUT WHO ARE YOU, YOUNG GUY? CAN I GUESS BY YOUR HIP THREADS THAT YOU ARE A SUPER HERO?
IT MATTERS NONE! NO MAJOR BUMMER IS GOING TO BE RAINING ON OUR PARADE.
CAN IT BE THAT THE DUDE IN THE REALLY RAD ARMOR DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ROBBIE AS SPEEDBALL?
"OUR"? AS IN, "MORE THAN ONE OF YOU?"
AS ANOTHER FORM STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS...
THIS REALLY RAD ARMOR HAS SOMEHOW SPLIT ME INTO FOUR MEAN DUDES. THE BONY ME...
...THE ME OF MOSTLY MUSCLES...
...AND THE DEEP AND MEANINGFUL SOUL PART OF ME!
AS WELL AS JUST ME.
WHEN YOU AMERICAN SCIENTISTS MAKE EXPERIMENTAL ARMOR, YOU DON'T MESS AROUND!
LOOK, EDGAR... THERE MIGHT BE A WAY WE CAN--
EDGAR IS NO MORE! NOW WE ARE THE DUDES IN THE REALLY RAD ARMOR!
FAR BE IT FROM ME TO GO ABOUT CASTING STONES BUT...
FRAZT
POW